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—E. L. Robinson

The World War and Its Portent

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"REVOLUTIONARY RHYMES"
"A COMMON SENSE CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM"
"EVOLUTION OF BUCKLEY"
(*The Story of a Backwoods Town*)

I do not write with furbelows,
But drive straight at my tale,
And speed my thought with heavy blows,
Like hammer on a nail.

Single copies 50 cents.
For dozen rates, address,

E. L. ROBINSON
Box 76, Buckley, Washington.

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DEDICATION

To those who seek the truth I write,
With hope that thru my homely rhymes
A few may gain a clearer sight
To cheer in these portentous times.

NAVAL COURTESIES.

The Dreadnought stalks the surface of the sea;
Her barking dogs of war spit shot and shell
Upon all craft that bear an enemy.

The Sea Wolf prowls beneath the rolling waves,
And searches out the Dreadnought's massive hull;
Then bites, and all plunge to untimely graves.

A FIELD IN FRANCE.

Crashing Cannon! Shrieking shell!
Bursting bombs, and fumes of hell!
Mangled living 'mong the dead!
Gaping wounds gush streams of red!
Rotting corpses! Awful stench!
Mingled English, German, French;
Writhing living twist and turn,
Tangled in the wires that burn!
Mutilated scream and cry!
Flowering youth of nations die!

Picture of a devil's dance?
No; a lovely field in France.

Park Point, Feb., 1917.

WRECKING EUROPE.

Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Destroy and Kill!
And echo, crying from the hill,
Flings back the words, "Destroy! and Kill!"
The creeds declare that in a hell
Of endless torment sinners dwell.
Now christian Europe sends a flood
To quench the fires of hell in blood!
The Devil, fearing he may drown,
Evacuates his flooded town;
As King of Evil abdicates—
Assigns his power to christian states—
No more the wicked writhe in fire,
But wade thru hell in bloody mire,
Where maimed and mangled wail and groan,
And weeping wives and children moan.
The neutral nations stand afar
And gaze in horror on the war,
As minor kingdoms meet their fate
Within the swirling pool of hate;
By fate environed in a cage,
Where snarling larger powers rage.
The Devil, watching in amaze,
Lifts trembling hands to heaven, and prays
That his assignee's deeds may not
The page of his fair record blot.

And still the cry reverberates
O'er Europe's wise and christian states:
"Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Despoil! Destroy
All hope of life, and peace, and joy!
Let all the cannon madly roar,
Till Europe, drenched in human gore,
Lies crushed beneath a victor's feet!"
What cry a coming Christ to greet!

Enlightened christian man thus proves
That evolution upward moves.
And none can tell us what is meant,
Or why this scourge to earth is sent;
Yet it was long ago foreseen,
And record made of what 'twould mean.

Park Point, Jan., 1917.

AS THE STARS SEE US.

A stranger, hailing from a star,
Winged down thru space to men's domain;
He found them waging wanton war;
The earth bestrewn with maimed and slain.
Unused to such repulsive sight,
He sought to reason out the cause,
Why men should snarl, and tear, and fight;
Were they devoid of moral laws?
Their books declared, with one accord,
That all were of a common blood;
Their Bible (claimed as God's own word)
Proclaimed a common brotherhood.
These facts perplexed him all the more;
For why should brothers tear their kind?
He'd read and delve in human lore,
To see what reason he might find.
He learned the earth was parceled out
Between the kinfolk of the race;
Some scarce had room to turn about,
While others held an ample space.
At lines most rigidly maintained
(Imaginary—all unseen—)
Each faction marked the part it claimed;
And none might venture in between;
These lines a wrangle would assure,

When hunger pressed the crowded ones,
And they must poverty endure,
While others were more favored sons;
This cue the causes might unwind;
He'd seek the men who fought and bled.
In France, the Englishmen to find,
Thru pits and trenches he was led,
Accosting them as brothers all:
"Why are you stalwart men the foes
Of German brothers, fair and tall?"
The answer came, "God only knows."
"Have you no reason for your deeds,
Nor heart for brothers of your race?
You slay; and worm and maggot feeds,
And I in vain a reason trace!"
Then o'er bereaved and ravaged France
He hailed the Frenchmen in their trench,
Who stubbornly repulsed advance
Of those who would despoil the French.
"Why man the cannon, fling the bomb,
Are you still savages?" he cried.
"A foe invades, lays waste our home,
We fight to save," the French replied.
"Here is a cause" the stranger mused,
"Defensive warfare may be just;
Where simple rights have been abused
War savors less of greed and lust."
In Belgium he sought to rest,

But peace enforced by iron hand
Starved children's cries had not suppressed
Thru all that plundered vanquished land;
And over Poland he made flight
To Russia's wide and vast domain,
And here more pillage met his sight,
Where hordes had clashed and fought and slain.
"My Russian friends, can you tell me
What cause you have to slash and slay;
Your lands extend from sea to sea;
What barrier blocks your onward way?"
The Cossack had no cause to name;
He muttered over bearded chin:
"The Austrian is all to blame;
The fight is on, and we must win!"
He crossed Roumania, Serbia, Greece
(The latter strangled, tho at peace).

O'er all these lands dread cannon roar,
Down to fair Italy's sea girt shore;
The only place at peace he found
The Alps of Switzerland surround.
In Austria-Hungary he sought
The primal cause for which they fought;
He questioned those who bore the brunt
Of fighting service at the front.
All said, "We waste, we kill, we die";

None knew a valid reason why.
In German trenches, east and west,
For cause he made his earnest quest;
All knew they fought for "Fatherland,"
But why they did not understand.
One German said, "You ask us why
We butcher, kill, destroy and die?"
My answer is, "We are but tools,
A herd of cringing servile fools,
Who wage this mean, degrading war,
And none can tell you what 'tis for."
Confused, the stranger took his flight,
Away from human waste and blight.
High up in air where breezes blew
The broad Atlantic met his view.
"Perspective now I need!" he cried;
"I'll find it on the ocean wide,
While cooling winds about me play
And fan my fevered thoughts away."
He soothed himself in joy of flight—
Above the reach of human sight—
"In the United States," he thought,
"I'll find the peace for which I've sought;
I'll span these waters ere I stop,
And in that land of freedom drop."
He crossed the sea and hither came;
He found a people all aflame
To gather profits while they might,

Not weighing whether wrong or right.
Munition plants they'd quickly planned,
With brawn and brain had strongly manned
To pour in steamers shot and shell
To send to Europe's seething hell.
Of food and raiment, car on car,
They'd sent the crazy ones at war;
And prices, mounting to the sky,
Made goods too dear for poor to buy.
Now streams of gold begin to fill
The greedy profit-mongers' till,
Who rub their hands in glee, and cry,
"What matter if the weaklings die,
And Europe wastes her young and strong?
More gold, more gold, is our glad song!
Lest Europe, bankrupt, cease to war,
And check these streams of gold that pour,
At home our nation must prepare;
Our markets widen, foul or fair!"

This tale reveals the hideous sight
That greets the stars of heaven at night.
The stranger viewed it all, aghast.
"Men profit nothing by their past!"
Exhausted by his research—weak—
A quiet place he now would seek.
Beneath Tahoma's lofty crest
He found ideal place of rest.

Surrounded by majestic trees
And fanned by cooling mountain breeze
He pitched his tent beside a stream,
Where sporting speckled beauties gleam.
Of plunder brought within his pack
A store of reading filled a rack—
Historic books a bible crowned—
Within their covers should be found
The cause of wars, all so inane,
That those who wage them seem insane.
The writers speak of fighting Mars,
Exalting him as god of wars,
And in their books fill page on page
Of tales about the wars that wage—
He saw the history of men
Was written with a bloody pen;
But to a wise and balanced mind
No reason could the stranger find.
The word of God before him spread,
The bible prophecies he read.
The mystery began to clear,
He found some valid reasons here;
Man fallen from his first estate—
To loving Father an ingrate—
Speeds downward on his wayward road
Till mercy's blotted from his code.
The stranger finds as basic cause,
Men break a wise creator's laws,

A penalty of death ensues,
And it is fitting God should choose
To execute his sentence those
Who willfully make brothers foes.

With mind upon the book of books
The stranger at the future looks;
He sees, as did the men of old,
The plans of a just God unfold,
A Christ who comes a second time
To cleanse the earth from sin and crime;
To reinstate perfected man
And consummate the Father's plan.
He sees, as marking that event,
This world-wide war a signal sent.
He lifts his heart to God in praise
Of his most gracious, loving ways.

Park Point, Jan., 1917.

RAVAGING THE CASCADES.

In ermine robes no wealth could buy
  Tahoma sits, a royal queen,
And at her foot the Cascades lie,
  All garbed in deep perennial green.
The range is her peculiar realm,
  Tho minor peaks wear robes of white,
She stands supreme, she holds the helm,
  They bear her delegated right.
Her sovereign majesty inspires
  The stateliness that marks her clan,
And e'en beyond her realm she fires
  To nobler deeds aspiring man.
The hemlock, cedar, spruce and pine
  Are numbered 'mong her subjects tall,
And, mounting up thru bush and vine,
  The fir which far outstrips them all.
Man, given freedom of her gates,
  Has over-reached, as he inclines,
And wantonly he desecrates
  Her virgin forests and her mines.
Now worming up her western slopes
  The twisting tracks of commerce climb;
And, moved by avaricious hopes,
  Men pierce her solitude sublime.
With raucous blasts her dells are jarred;

The axe and saw lay desolate;
Her breasts are ravished, torn and scarred,
As by a demon charged with hate.
Men tear her vitals to withdraw
The hidden treasures of her heart,
And spill them forth to fill the maw
Of vessels seeking every mart;
Conserving is beneath their pride;
They skim her riches in their haste;
Then fires assail her ravaged side
And turn the residue to waste.
The ruin meets the eye in dots
That multiply from day to day,
And spread the ragged barren spots
To snows that bar their farther way.

Park Point, March 22, 1917.

STRIFE.

We spring to life from God knows where,
The first we know we've landed here,
And in the cradle we begin
The struggle of the life we're in.
In babyhood we're rushed to school,
And crammed and jammed till we are full
Of rules and precepts of the race;

Then plunged into the dollar chase—
A pushing, crowding, crushing throng—
The weaklings plundered by the strong.
From youth and strength to weak old man
We keep the pace as best we can,
And press along within the fog,
Unmindful of the under dog;
A scramble that will not repay
The ruthless losses on the way.
The goal is wealth piled mountain high,
The hope, to reach it ere we die.
While many fall beneath the strain,
A few the pinnacle attain,
Then wearied, worn and out of health,
Reap little pleasure from their wealth.
Oh! restless, avaricious man,
What lack of method in your plan!
You're burdened with a self-made load,
And travel your own cruel road.
Old Mother Nature bears no grudge
Against us, as we onward trudge,
But gives her help from day to day,
And strives to cheer our dreary way.
If we would in strong union band
To make this earth a care-free land,
And each would his proportion bear
Of work, and its true value share,
The union would enhance the yield

Of mine and mill and shop and field;
And products held for common good
Would leave none wanting home or food,
Then earth, no more a place of thrall,
Would be a paradise for all.

Park Point, Feb., 1917.

GROPING.

Oh World! upon thy course thru space
Thou wilt roll on,
While I, an atom from thy face,
Will soon be gone,
The paths my footsteps then will trace
To me unknown;
And myriad other atoms much resembling me
Know not from whence they came,
Or whither flee.

So charged with purpose were my springtime days
I entered zealously on worldly ways.
I scratched thy surface with a vigorous hand,
And gathered in small heaps thy glittering sand,
While others with a stronger hand than I
Heaped up their piles to mountains high;

And weaker ones, tho eagerly they strove,
Thru all their years, secured no treasure-trove.
Now thru the languor of advancing years
I cease the strife and find a world in tears,
For all the minds that are intent on gain
Are ever blinded to the world of pain.
And still the world rolls on thru space,
While we remain blind atoms on her face.
We know not whence we came or whither bound,
Yet may we not, thru broader knowledge found,
Cease our mad scramble after golden sand,
Extend to each a comrade's helping hand,
And thru the culture of such newer birth
Drive sorrow, pain and tears from earth?
What e'er our gropings after source and end,
Live here this life as neighbor, brother, friend.
Then, roll Old World! Roll on thru space
The chariot of a wiser, happier race!

Park Point, Jan., 1909.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

Nearing the peak of man's allotted days,
My eye runs back along the rugged trail,
Down o'er the cruel, irksome, jagged ways,
To where in youth I started in the vale.
How bright the prospect there upon the slope,
As, gazing on the rise where now I stand,
My fancy filled my ardent heart with hope
To scale these heights, which then appeared so grand.
The valley ways were strewn with fragrant bloom,
And all the earth was clothed in brilliant hue;
My nostrils spread to drink the sweet perfume
That all along that pleasant pathway grew.
When first I came upon the lower crags
I mounted them with easy swinging stride,
Nor stopped to hew away projecting snags,
Or swerve my course for chasms yawning wide;
Thence on with arduous toil I fought,
Till now the summit looms, not far away.
In casting up the count of what I wrought,
To see how well I've made the venture pay,
'Twixt good and ill the balance seems to swing,
A moment here, a moment there to rest

And poise at last about an even thing,
It sways to side of good—I've done my best.
I've tasted life, its bitter and its sweet,
I cast aside regret to forge ahead,
Not as in youth, with springing, dancing feet,
But still with joy, by wiser counsel led.
A ray of light has beamed across my way,
A promise that with hope is so replete,
That every morn I gladly greet the day,
For I expect a mighty King to meet—
A Prince of Life—who comes to rule in peace,
To reinstate the lost perfection here.
Then shall our petty strifes and quibbles cease,
And men of purity and strength appear.
Then life will be unending to the just,
The earth be made into a paradise,
No longer ruled by men of greed and lust,
But men reclaimed from selfishness and vice.

Park Point, Dec. 1916.

THE EARTH ABIDETH FOREVER.
Eccl., 1:4.

This earth conceived and formed by God,
And hung in space by his own hand,
With creature comforts so replete,
For home of man so wisely planned,
Shall it not sweep along its course
Within the sun's resplendent rays,
To fill the purpose he designed
Before he launched it on its ways?
Can scientific research show
A wiser purpose than his plan,
When he prepared it long ago,
A well equipped abode for man?
Is God so like a fickle child,
Who builds a toy house in his play,
Then tiring of it tears it down
To build again another day?
No; God, intent on his design,
Made man to rule the earth and sea,
And—as befits a sovereign king—
The prince of his own destiny;
And when thru disobedience
He fell from his exalted place
God would not brook a baffled plan,
But offered him redeeming grace.
Can men of science mark a way,

Or blaze a trail thru space for God?
Or question his eternal word,
And still escape his chastening rod?
Has evolution from the ape
Produced a man so great and wise
He can escape sin's penalty
By any way he may devise?
No; only can the Christ restore
Life to the dead by a new birth;
And those who meekly serve the Lord,
To them his promise gives the earth.
To those who live a spirit life
He chose to give a greater prize,
For they shall be the over-lords,
And reign with him who never dies.

Park Point, Dec., 1916.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

In this wilderness I cry
That His Kingdom draweth nigh;
I, who am unworthy to
Loose the latchet of His shoe,
Read the signs with open eye;
His salvation draweth nigh!
Prepare His way and make it straight,
That His footsteps may not wait!

SIGNS OF HIS PRESENCE.

As in the days before the flood,
Signs by few are understood;
To those of little faith they seem
Vagaries of a prophet's dream,
And men marry, buy and sell,
Still insisting all is well;
But the wise shall understand,
And their faith by truth be fanned.
Search the scriptures, there you'll find
Much to comfort humankind;
Many signs of a new birth;
Of a reign of peace on earth;
    Men ride in chariots, foretold
    By Nahum in the book of old;
Thru shaken forest trees of fir
They drive the modern wonder car;
Its flaming torches make the way
In darkest night as light as day;
Upon the streets a raging mass
Of other chariots they pass,
And on the broad ways of the coast
Their speed is lightning fast, they boast;
Nor did their justling in their flight

Escape the prophet's keen foresight.
These chariots seem to human eye
Like blazing torches as they fly
This is the message of the Seer:
His preparation day is here.

If you would read the passage o'er,
You'll find it Nahum 2: 3, 4.
Confirming Nahum, Daniel's words
Proclaim these days to be the Lord's.

At that time shall Michael stand,
And world trouble shall expand
Far beyond what ever was
Since the fall of man gave cause;
Many shall run to and fro,
Knowledge be increased, and woe—
Shut the book and see it sealed,
Nothing more shall be revealed;
Go thy way and wait the end
It may please thy God to send.
In that time the wise shall read,
But the wicked take no heed.

You will find this vision given,
Daniel 12: 1 to 11.
Mark and Matthew both record
In the language of the Lord:

Nation shall arise 'gainst nation,
Making wars and tribulation.

False Christs and prophets in that day
With signs and wonders men shall sway
And, 'twere possible, would effect
The ruin of God's own Elect.
Pestilence, famine shall befall,
And the wise and strong appall,
And men's hearts will fail for fear
In the days he shall appear;
When these things men's souls shall try
Then his kingdom draweth nigh.
Christ's warnings, Matthew, 24;
Mark, 13 repeats them o'er.
Signs abundant all about
Bear prophetic visions out;
Like the ever restless sea,
Fumes and chafes humanity.
Man should rule mankind no more,
Look at Europe in her gore;
This avalanche in man's affairs
Full with prophetic forecast squares.
Blinded now with rage and fear,
Knowing well his end is near,
Satan, like a roaring beast,
Gorges on a human feast.
Except these things God's hands restrain
No flesh shall on the earth remain;
For his Elect, his promise reads,
He'll shorten these atrocious deeds.

Clashing kingdoms of the hour
Mark his coming in great power.
All must soon be overthrown,
That the Christ may claim his own.
Cry unto the Prince of Peace
That this wanton slaughter cease!
He has come like thief at night,
Thus his word is proven right.
Let us now receive the Lord,
Doubt no more his sacred word;
Hail him! hail him as our king!
Shout and make the welkin ring!
With so great salvation pending,
Wars and tribulation ending,
Hail the Prince of Peace on earth!
Hail his kingdom at its birth!

Park Point, Dec., 1916.

A MESSAGE TO THE MINISTRY.

Awake! Awake, ye men that sleep!
Are ye the ones his vigil keep?
Nations against nations rise,
Kingdom against kingdom flies,
Executing judgment dire,
Christ has come in flame and fire!
Because his person is not seen,
Do you possess a faith so mean,
That he must come as unto Saul
Ere you upon your knees will fall?
If you are counted his Elect,
How much of you we should expect.
His promise reads that for your sake
This world catastrophe he'll break.
Then call upon the Prince of Peace,
That all this carnage quickly cease!
    Call the young and call the old,
    Gather all into his fold;
    Cry into their dulling ear
    That his reign on earth is here!
Unstopped ears shall hear his voice,
Opened eyes in him rejoice!
He shall reign a thousand years,
Banish sorrow, pain and tears,
(Pledges of his perfect love),

Last the sting of death remove.
Those who rest beneath the sod
All shall rise to meet their God.
In this time with Satan bound
Many wicked will be found
Bending the repentent knee,
Striving hard from sin to flee.
If they for a time endure,
Christ will grant a perfect cure.
Those who curse him with their breath,
They shall die the second death.
Thus shall Christ all sin remove,
Then the earth, full clothed in love,
From grasp of Satan have divorce,
And swing onward in its course,
Home of the perfected man,
Saved thru grace by God's own plan.

To the thoughtful ones who look,
What a promise in the book!
This, the message that it states,
Many an eager ear awaits!
Tho it be like thief at night,
He has come in power and might!
Proclaim his presence far and wide,
Tho doubters may your words deride!

On fixed purpose I am bent,
To deliver what is sent;
All authority I need
In the Scriptures you can read.
Tho many may the message doubt,
All signs are here to bear it out.

Park Point, Dec., 1916.

THE JUBILEE.

The world has long his promise spurned,
But Christ the Lord has now returned.
Fall upon believing knee,
Tho no living form you see!
Crumbling nations of the hour
Witness he has come with power,
And their rulers shake with fear,
Trembling at his judgments near!
Retribution now shall fall!
Restitution come to all!
He comes the jubilee to bring;
Welcome! welcome to the King!
Welcome to His peaceful reign,
To a power that can restrain
Bloodshed by the hand of man,
As no human power can!
He will banish pain and tears,
Rule in peace a thousand years.
Hail him what the host he brings,
Trumpet him, the "King of Kings!"

Park Point, Dec., 1916.

MY FINDINGS.

In a christian land I was born and bred,
Have often sat in pews and heard preachers
expound their creeds.
Nominally a christian, of a christian land,
I am not a christian, for I know not Christ;
Nor does my mind sift out, of all that's said by
those who preach,
What it is to be a christian;
Their doctrines, flying at cross purposes,
And their strife, but vex my thought;
The church, anxious to press its creeds upon
mankind,
Makes claim that it is executing Christ's decrees,
And power to convert the world is in its hands,
But recklessness and sin increase and foil its
plans.
Yet thru the many words that so becloud
Flash gleams of living truth.
I read the Bible and confess it adds to my con-
fusion,
Or if what I find and can clearly understand be
true
Then all the creeds must tumble as a house of
cards.

There is a God, a wise Creator,
Who formed the earth and all that is thereon;
Then he created man to have dominion over all,
Endowing him with form and mental powers
above all other earthly creatures.
He was made in image of his maker, and perfect
at the first.
The breath of life blown in the nostrils of the
clay, made animate,
And it became a living soul;
Not an immortal soul that must live on thru
endless eons,
Yet fallible that it must disobey its maker's
kindly laws,
And meet punishment in fires that never can
consume,
But scorch and burn thru all eternity.
A brutal thought, that brutish men have lain at
loving Father's door,
Preposterous, profane, blaspheming thus a
righteous God.
These wise expounders of a christian faith make
further claim,
That one who has committed foulest crimes may
fawn and pray,
Then spring from off a dying bed to God's right
hand in glory.

The Creator fixed a law that crime should meet
a punishment of death;
And he foresaw that man would disobey.
Then in his loving kindness he prepared a great
redemption plan
To reinstate him in his first perfection;
But sacrifice must first ensue to expiate the
sentence.
The offering must be perfect,
As man at first was perfect.
As all had fallen, none faultless could be found,
And Christ, the Son, came forth, took on the
form of man,
And gave his life for all;
And purchased with his blood the earthly
kingdom.
And nineteen hundred years have fled in testing
out a few to reign with him.
To these Elect he promises immortal life—
The power to eternalize themselves.
When all are chosen he will come again
To rule in peace a thousand years.
The purpose of his reign—
Man's restoration to his first estate—
To consummate God's great creative plan.
Then death will be no more;

Depravity and sin, its cause, replaced by righteousness and love.
These rational conclusions give consistency to a wise Creator's plans—
A fixity of purpose that pursues its way to consummation.
Christ, serene in power, selects his tried and true—
A rock to lean upon in restoration days.
Strife, wrath, turmoil and war, which now lay waste, destroy,
Will then give place to peace, tranquility and joy.
The sleeping will awake to earth—a paradise—
To meet the living, freed from wickedness and vice.
Life will be replete with gladness, love and grace.
Then man will yearn and strive for yet a higher place.
If these findings be not well grounded,
And creeds are still the only hope,
I am no christian,
And Christ's sacrifice for me is vain.

Park Point, Feb., 1917.

STAND FOR CHRIST.

Old Europe stood behind her kings,
And stood behind a czar;
She stood behind a kaiser,
Now stands behind a war.
The people do the killing,
'Tis theirs to bleed and die,
Not theirs to do the choosing,
Or ask a reason why.

Behind our worthy President
We now are asked to stand,
And raise no voice in protest,
Whatever his demand.
With all our boasted freedom,
Have we no right to weigh
The cause for which we're willing
To risk our lives, or slay?
We, as a sovereign people,
The Ship of State should guide,
And give our servants orders
They dare not override.
'Tis ours to make decision,
If war be wrong or right;
Let us who bear the burdens
Decide if we shall fight!

To some this may seem treason,
Then treason let it be;
It ill behooves a freeman
To bend the pliant knee
To creatures of his making,
Or rush into a war
Without so much as asking
His servants what 'tis for?

The men who corner products
Have sent great spoils to sea;
Their hope of reaping profits,
A world's extremity.
Endangered now by U-boats,
Protection they demand,
And for the sake of sordid gains
In war would plunge our land.
I raise a voice in protest;
We have no right to brew
A fight with fellow creatures
That profits may accrue.
Our food should not be shipped abroad
While hunger stalks at home;
Munitions should be kept to guard
Against a war to come.
Tho profits may to millions run
And sate a gormand's dreams,

A war would cost us billions soon,
And blood would flow in streams.

We look on Europe's holocaust
And ponder what 'tis for,
And when we count the fearful price,
How can we think of war?
If in our wisdom we withheld
Munitions for their fight,
Nor furnished food to stay their strength,
But stood straight for the right,
Our own sincere desire for peace
Would be more manifest;
Then we might hope for strife to cease,
The world to be at rest.
This war was long ago foreseen,
By prophecy foretold;
Yet, like the fire-proof building, we
Have vantage ground to hold
Our borders 'gainst its wanton waste;
Why should we join the fray,
To further lengthen out the strife,
Christ's sovereign reign to stay?
Tho Europe has gone raving mad,
Need our land follow suit,
Become a raging beast of prey,
Turn backward to a brute?

If we desire the reign of peace
  Christ promises to give,
These trials should revive our faith,
  And warn us how to live.
Then as a nation welcome him,
  And to his call awake,
Advance his kingdom here on earth,
  And of its joy partake.
A christian has no call to fight;
  Leave vengeance to the Lord,
And stand up true for Christ and right—
  World peace is the reward!

Park Point, April 1, 1917.

IN A LIGHTER VEIN.

Let us cheer up a moment now,
From sober thoughts refrain;
Forget the European row,
Tho it makes hell talk vain.
The fire below no longer burns;
We'll let the devil rest;
The earth still on its axis turns
Due east and not due west.
Tho beastly man may grow some worse—
He is so hard to tame—
The stars stick tightly to their course,
And God remains the same.

ASSURANCE.

Mr. Editor, if you choose,
My manuscript you may refuse;
This is but a winter crop;
When spring opens, then ker-flop,
You'll hear the ink my pen will drop!
Then you'll chase me everywhere,
Coaxing, begging for a share.
When I proudly pass you by—
(In advance I hear you sigh)—
"If I then had only known,
Some courtesy I might have shown,
And snared the fish before 'twas grown;
But who could guess the little sprat
Would grow a mammoth whale like that?"
Mr. Editor, then **I'll** choose
Who shall print my brilliant views.
My dear Editor, when you see
Independence come to me,
Won't you feel a deep chagrin
That you failed to take me in?

Park Point, Feb. 1917.

THE EDITOR.

Little Editor in the dark
  Censors with his pencil blue
All that has a living spark
  Of a message that is true.
He is vassal to his job,
  And obeys in constant dread,
Lest his master choose to rob
  Him and his of daily bread;
But his methods fertilize,
  And produce a ranker growth
Of the wool o'er ear and eyes;
  Warping, blurring, dulling both.
He should be the one to guide
  Public thought along the road,
Leading men to civic pride;
  Serving as a spur to goad.
He should waken to his worth,
  Leave the post he prostitutes,
In the freedom of his birth,
  Shake the shackles of the "Plutes."

Park Point, Feb., 1917.

THE RHYMER.

When writing to my folks, sometimes
The cogs will slip and out come rhymes;
It's very, very wrong, I know;
Quite wicked to abuse them so.
But what on earth am I to do,
Trade my old thinker for a new?
Have rhymes become so obsolete
That they no longer are a treat?
And are we songsters out of date
In this sad world of strife and hate?
Some of my kinfolk buy and sell,
While others dig and work like h——l;
Each chasing dollars in his way,
And, while the sun shines, making hay;
But I, a poor benighted wight,
Lie rhyming in the sunshine bright.
Some write me I should get to work;
That I'm a lazy, shiftless shirk.
But somehow I don't feel disgrace,
And am quite happy in my place.

Park Point, Feb., 1917.

THE BUNCH.

Dear Ida:
Standing tandem in a row
(The camera had caught them so),
We got the picture of the four;
Down from the top I scanned them o'er.
How little Eva must have grown,
That she can look o'er Lottie's crown.
And Lottie's winsome Irish mug
Makes uncle's heart go chug, chug, chug.
Then comes the one that looks like me;
I'm proud of her as I can be,
And at the bottom I declare!
Whose little beauty have we there?
Then mounting up the steps to peer
O'er Eva's head for "mamma dear"
I get no sight of her at all,
Her bouncing girls have grown so tall.
And "papa" Knickerbocker's face
Is all too dim for me to trace.
But, say, the handsome bunch will cheer
Our young old hearts the coming year.
And now with season's greetings said
I sign myself your Uncle Ed.
I sign myself your

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Dec. 1909.

THE ELF.

Dear Ida:

Oh, black-haired little Ida,
You bright and winsome elf,
Way back in eighteen-ninety
I hid you on a shelf!

Your sisters, Eve and Lottie,
Were playing hide and seek;
I stowed you in the pantry
And bid you not to squeak.

You grew into a teacher,
And used the rod and rule
On other little urchins
Who came to public school;

And then a tall Dane caught you
With ferule in your hand,
And on a tapering finger
He slipped a golden band.

Thus manacled he held you
Until a parson came
And on my grown-up teacher
Conferred his Danish name.

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Feb. 17, 1917.

MY SWEETHEART.

Two pictures lie before my gaze,
Sweet memories of the past they raise;
A pretty maid with line and hook,
On log that spans a running brook;
Above, as on a rustic throne,
Four other people I have known,
All bound to me by various ties,
But the fair maiden holds my eyes,
And calls to mind those happy days,
She won me with her winsome ways.
The other picture gives surprise,
I scarce can credit my old eyes;
Two bouncing babies, sweet and fair,
The maid a mother, I declare.
The mother quickly won my heart—
The babies now shall share a part.
Charlotte Estelle and Harriet May
Are names that please me every way;
The picture of your little Danes
Soothes your old uncle's aches and pains.

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Feb. 17, 1917.

THE CHERUBS.

Dear Lottie:

Your babies' late photograph came to me, dearest,
As fast as the postman could bring it, mayhap.
Which face is the fairest, whose eyes are the clearest?
I want to take both of them into my lap.
They're as sweet, are the two, as a pair of twin roses
Half blossomed together on one parent stem,
And I'll wager my breakfast their mother supposes
Her uncle will give all his heart straight to them;
But in that she's mistaken, I grieve to distress her,
It was given a long time ago, guess to whom?
Why to whom could it be but their mother, God bless her,
When she dawned on my vision, a rose in full bloom?

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, March 1, 1917.

SHE SLEEPS.

Dear Mattie:

Your sweet face most reminds us, dear,
Of our dear one no longer here.
So I can't write to you the same
As to the others. Words are lame
To tell you all my thoughts today,
Or why they roam from you away;
But you will read with coming age
Just what I'd say upon this page.
Now for a happy, bright New Year,
Your Uncle Ed just loves you, dear.

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Dec. 26, 1909.

THE BEAUTY.

Dear Mattie:

What's the reason why
There are no stalwart Danes in view,
To bow the knee and plead and sigh?
Your sisters captured quite a few.

How many notches on your bow?
How many victims to your wiles?
'Tis cruelty to use them so,
With icy heart to lure by smiles.

Or is my niece a prim old maid,
Who curtly turns the beaus away,
Whose dignity makes them afraid,
So when they come they dare not stay?

Well, dear, your mother needs you yet,
I hope she'll keep you many years,
And one should stay for "dad" to pet,
A childless home is cause for tears!

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Feb. 17, 1917.

LITTLE MOTHER.

Dear Eva:

Hello! How do you get along?
Are boy and girl both well and strong,
And are the old folks 'bout the same,
Why don't you send the youngster's name?
I'd like to tell you all about
Some things I've recently found out;
Some thoughts on which you ought to feed
(Devoured by me with hungry greed);
I'll try and send them, by and by—
You know the worth of that word try.
I'm writing in a little haste,
Just throw these lines into the waste,
They simply show your memory's dear
To your old uncle, way out here.

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Feb. 17, 1917.

THE NEGLIGENT.

Dear Fanny:

If you will only write sometimes,
I'll answer in my wisest rhymes.
You ought to let your uncle know
How fast those sprightly kidlets grow,
How many more you've added on,
And what you're doing, you and John.
You may be making dollars now,
Perhaps off Europe's ugly row;
If you're producing things to sell
And ship to that hot seething hell,
You'll likely gather quite a mite,
With prices soaring out of sight.
I stand opposed to any war—
And who can tell what this one's for?—
And those who use it to make gains
Will smear their hands with bloody stains.
Now where is your abiding place?
Your trail is mighty hard to trace.
I'll send this thru your father, dear,
And hope quite soon from you to hear.

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Feb. 17, 1917.

THE BABY.

Dear Luella:

Luella! Luella! A sweet sounding name
Conferred on a baby will stick to a dame,
For so it has proved on a niece of my own,
Who from a sweet babe to a mother has grown.
The tot, Charlotte Marrien, now will hold sway—
Her bright little picture arrived Christmas day.
It pleases me much to see mother's dear name
Affixed to your baby as soon as she came.
This letter's a short one, what more can be said?
I'm in love with your baby.

Your Old Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Feb. 17, 1917.

TO AN OREGON MILKMAID.

Dear Ruth:
At eve I sit with eyes close shut;
I see a bright young face pillowed against old Gray's smooth flank;
A tantalizing smile reveals bewitching pearls between red parted lips;
The picture is of youth flowing with life and beauty.
For reasons I scarce can tell I speak the vision—
Of the road I've traveled these three-score years and more,
Groping in the dark for I know not what.
Quickly the fingers, skilled to draw the liquid white,
Cease their work and in symbol to my sense of sight spell out the words,
"Take Christ into your heart and he will give you light."
But how shall Christ enter where there is so little faith?
The fingers promptly flash reply—
"He'll come if you but call."
In darkness still, my mind recalls—
"These things shall be hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to babes."

Then a yearning steals over me, to stretch a long
arm forth
Across the rolling hills and oaken groves of
Oregon,
And stroke the silken hair that crowns the
pictured head.
Lines to his sweetheart niece,
From her deaf devoted Uncle Ed.

Park Point, July 2, 1916.

SOLICITUDE AND CONTENTMENT.

Dear Ruth:
We hope you're feeling well, dear,
No ache about your head;
And mama's getting better
On wheat and sawdust bread.

Our barn is filled with clover;
Our wood is in the shed,
Our grub is in the garden,
Our horse and chickens fed.

The rain is falling gently
From clouds that overspread;
But we are dry and cozy
With roof above our head.

I write these lines to tell you
That we are out of bed,
And both are feeling chipper.
Your Aunt, and
Uncle Ed.

Park Point, July 16, 1916.

THE WALNUT TREE.

Dear Ruth:

With money in hand I come, you see!
How much do you want for your walnut tree?
"Dollars! Oh, dollars are naught to me;
I never could sell my walnut tree!
Its spreading branches, low and wide,
A shade from the blazing sun provide;
Where at noon we sit on a scorching day,
When the boys come in from making hay,
Or we spread out under it on the grass,
And there a social noon hour pass.
All summer long birds make their home
Up there in its glorious deep green dome.
Each fall we gather from it and sack
Hard brown nuts for the winter's crack.
I could not spare my walnut tree,
So many ways it is dear to me."
Yet when you sold your farm, they say
You gave your walnut tree away!
To answer the lines I write with care,
I see you have no time to spare,
But constant as the man you'll wed,
You'll ever find your

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Nov. 13, 1916.

AN EARLY SPRING.

Dear Ruth:

If your next postal card should bring
Another dose of Oregon spring,
It will be notice, I shall know,
To buckle in and shovel snow;
For since your last epistle came
I've shoveled till my back is lame.
Your spring has clothed the earth in white
And sealed our water barrels tight;
It came up on a southwest gale,
A little rain, a little hail,
And then it snowed both night and day;
And when 'twill stop is hard to say.
But Sunday, Monday, Tuesday passed,
Perhaps another week 'twill last.
If sending more I must insist
My order is for Oregon mist.
I want to plant my garden seed
To raise the summer crop we need;
And planting in the snow I dread,
So send a mist to

Uncle Ed.

Park Point, Jan. 30, 1917.

TO ETHEL.

I'll jingle some words in a merry tune
  This Christmas morn for you;
May each surprise that greets your eyes
  Remind of friendships true.

If you should make some slight mistake,
  Don't let it worry you;
May all go right, to your delight
  Until the day is thru.

Papa.

TO HER MOTHER.

The frosts of fifty years have graced
  With silver hair your once smooth brow,
And in fine lines below have traced
  A beauty all unseen till now.
Fear not the coming years of age
  Because the past has held its pain,
For know we not the final page
  Will show a balance sheet of gain?
For we shall enter "fields of green,"
  And meet our loved one gone before;
E'en now she watches us unseen,
  And waits to greet our coming o'er.

Ed.

MOTHER.

Full four score years of life have placed
A silver crown upon your head,
While deepening lines have now effaced
The beauty of a youth long fled.

Yet still the crown bedecks a mind
So chastened and so full of grace,
That all who look upon you find
A wondrous beauty in your face.

So marked the fortitude you show
In bearing still the ills of life,
That we take courage as we go,
And gain new vigor for the strife.

And tho the reaper calls you home
As time suggests he soon may do;
Your life with ours will still run on—
A charm to make our own ring true.

Edgar.

To Mother on her 80th birthday, July 13, 1907.

BIRDS.

(In a Snow Storm.)

Little birds I wonder how
You will get your breakfast now;
In the cold and in the snow,
In the snow?
You are flying all about;
You are hungry, I've no doubt,
As you flutter to and fro,
To and fro!
Stop a bit as you go by,
Take a perch here in the dry;
I will feed you if you will,
If you will!
There, I think that warmed your throat,
For you sound a clearer note;
But, I pray you, eat your fill,
Eat your fill!
This has been to me a treat,
Such bright little folks to meet.
Now I'd like to hear you sing,
Hear you sing!
Come again some other day;
I've enjoyed your roundelay;
And your cousins you might bring,
In the spring!

Park Point, Jan., 1916.

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